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MABEL.

Raven tresses rippling downward
O'er a breast of spotless white,
Eyes that flash and gaily twinkle
'Neath the Summer noon-day light.

Little feet that blithely patter,
Echoing o'er the marble floor,
A merry face demurely wailing,
Longing for me at the door.

Lips, like peaches, half repelling,
Half inviting to delight,
Cushioned on her teeth of coral,
That shimmer 'neath the rosy light.

A voice whose gush of tender music
O'erflows with melody the air,
A breath whose fragrance breath'd upon me,
Is like sweet spices, rich and rare.

This is Mabel, brown-eyed Mabel,
Happy, merry, laughing Mabel,
Mabel with the raven tresses,
Mabel with the eyes of hazel.

PALETTA.

GENERAL GOSSIP.

All the literary gossips of Paris are raking up the remains of Leon Gozlau. No sooner is the poor feuellitonist stowed safely away in his grave than all those who have been his conferees are telling the little private things he said and did while he lived, no matter how confidential or how private they might have been. What a lesson to us all not to allow our tongues to run under the influence of the cosy hour or the pleasant wine cup. These are some of the transcriptions of his tongue: He says, "Chateaubriand was a pagan tattooed into sacred hearts, a Narcissus of the Dead Sea, or of Jordan, a Sabbiny, but not a blind Homer, reading fluently the Iliad bound as the Bible. A sort of St. Christopher carried by Jesus."

"Lamartine, a voluptuous fellow, loving canticles and boats. He will be canonized under the vocable of St. Alphonse de Parny."

"Victor Hugo, minute and grand, Michael Angelo and — Messonier."

"Saint Beuve, sticky and slippery; fleeting and glazed; a real eel pie."

"Alfred de Vigny, a pretty fellow who has lost his voice."

"Musset, has a golden savings'-box, in which he threw his cents when he was drunk. Poor little young man, he broke the savings'-box and stole the copper."

"Michelet. A woman's voice, a child's voice. Moans, groans, screams of distress. Great God! 'tis heartrending. I am agitated. I run to give help. Lord bless you, 'tis neither a woman nor a child. A supple, strong man throws his arm round my neck, strangles and throws me down. Help! Help! Murder! Help! Help! Thief! No! 'Tis only Michelet."

Balzac. Hercules in slippers, spinning feuellitons at the feet of his creditors.

Is not that enough to show what charitable ideas Parisian writers have toward each other?

While on Parisian literary eccentricities it is worth while to speak of a late book of M. Latour

St. Iher, if only for the purpose of showing what books can be written about. His is to vindicate the character of Nero. He maintains this wondrous Roman, who has always been represented to us as fiddling when Rome burned—though we always did have doubts about the fiddle—as one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time. A man of fine social attributes, kind, considerate, endowed with superior intellectual qualities and an excellent heart. The tyrannies that darkened his reign, he says, were the natural results of the corruption of the time, and not part of his nature, or in other words that he valued his talents above his dignity, and would rather be considered a good actor than a powerful emperor. So much for the French historian.

In Germany, with the close of the present year, all the copyrights that have been extended by especial privilege will expire. This will set free all the writings of Schiller, Goethe, Wieland, Korner, Herder, Jean, Paul, Richter, Berger, etc., and the result is that every publishing house is busy in getting up cheap editions, to have them ready to launch at the public with the first of January, 1868.

The papers of Paris give us little just now but Exposition news, the most interesting of which to poor artists and musical men who design to spend a few weeks there will be the enhanced cost of living. The Emperor has tried to cover this matter as far as possible, but can only do so where it affects the working classes or the soldiers, and then not entirely. The soldiers during the Exhibition are to have increased pay, as will also the printers employed on the Imperial press. Of course this makes jealousy among other government employees, but is a popular move, nevertheless.

The cost of every article of living is advanced one third or more, while rents are doubled. Instances are given of those who have been paying fifteen francs per day for their lodgings, who have been politely notified that from date they must pay 30 francs or vacate. Everyone going to Paris must make up their minds to pay, at least, one hundred and fifty per cent more than the old style for living, or, in plain terms, fully up to New York prices.

Who would not go to church, if they could go, in the style here depicted, of the Emperor and the Empress in the Chapel of the Tuilleries: "Their Majesties occupy large arm chairs of crimson velvet and gold, placed in front of the pulpit, while the Archbishop and other church dignitaries, are seated to the right and left. The ministers and officers of State have smaller velvet chairs behind them, while the household have benches reserved for them, separated by a gilt balustrade. The walls are adorned by paintings of great merit, and the Chapel is lighted with girandoles of great size and elegance. Tickets are given by the members of the household to their friends as a great favor. On Good Friday ladies must come in black dresses and black veils, while on that day Her Majesty's costume is always black silk and Spanish lace." How nice.

And now to come home for our items, we will take up the subject of a new organ which has been finished for the fashionable church at Peoria, and what the editor of the Peoria *Guardian* says about it. He says "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like some one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes." There's musical criticism for you.

We see a paragraph going the rounds of the press, saying that "the editor of a popular American Magazine says he receives from 280 to 300 contributions every month, and can only print about a dozen of them." He says farther that, "notwithstanding the great number of contributions received, there is still a dearth of really good poems and stories."

Now all this is very well to those who do not know the ropes, and the ropes are that the magazine in question is Harper's. We take this for granted, even if we did not know personally that the paragraph originated from that source, because there is no other publication in the country that receives one half the above amount of communications of any kind. Granted, therefore, that they receive; the next question is, who is the judge? If it is the inanity they have always heretofore had at the head of their literary tribunal, we cannot for an instant wonder at the fact of their finding only a dozen to suit. In the first place, we doubt the honesty of any one editor reading that amount of manuscript; secondly, we doubt their knowledge of what is good; and thirdly, we doubt if they knew it to be good whether they would take it, lest in so doing they would encourage some poor devil of an aspirant who would be so elated that he would want to be paid for it. There is very much to be said on this subject of the dearth of literary invention, much more than we have room to say, but it will not do for those who sit in high places and profess to be literary tribunals, to provoke us with such declarations, or we shall be obliged to tell tales out of school.

It is a little amusing the talk that goes about new theatres. One says that the Winter Garden is to be rebuilt; another says No! A third declares that Edwin Booth will put up a house for himself, while a fourth says a partnership between Booth and Hackett has been consummated, who will build above Twentieth street, while Stuart and John Brougham will rebuild the Winter Garden. As to the first we cannot vouch, but we do think that Mr. Booth does intend to build a theatre, and will do so; but *we know* that the Winter Garden will not be rebuilt. The whole rent obtained from it was only \$16,000, while the very entrance, fitted as a store, will bring \$10,000. The result, financially speaking, will be in favor of something beside a theatre.

THE ABBE LISZT AND THE CHICKERING PIANOS. —Two or three months since, a friend of ours returned from Rome. Being well acquainted with the Abbe Liszt, he told him of the rumors current in America relative to his proposed visit to that country. The Abbe replied that he feared he should never visit America. He had heard of the terrors of the sea voyage and dreaded to attempt it. Besides, he would not visit it as a public performer, as he had given up all ambition in that direction. At one time he thought he would go; and give grand vocal and instrumental concerts of a sacred character, the proceeds of which should go to the Church, but that idea he had since abandoned.

"I wished to visit America for two things," said the Abbe Liszt, "the one was to see Niagara and the Prairies, and the other to try the Chickering Pianos, of which I have heard so much."

The Abbe was delighted when he heard that Chickering & Sons would send pianos to the French Exposition, and said, "I will go to Paris, if only to play upon the Chickering Pianos."